

134.

THE LAIRD OF DYSART'S DREAME.

IThe Laird of *Dysert*, *Melvyn* by name,
In the reigne of King *Charles*, I dream'd a dreame,
The like apparition (as all-men sayes)
Was never seene, since *Thomas Rymer's* dayes:
And so because the Lords of the Session,
And all the Advocates and their profession,
Gets no imployment (for the people moanes,
For want of Justice, shading teares with groanes:
They vow, and swear they'll never be too faine
While that the Session shall sit downe againe.
And so to make our Law-men laugh or smile,
I'll tell them this dreame to sport them a while.
I went to my Bed being drunk at night,
When the Moone was mounted to her full hight,
I thought I saw a *Dove* flie from the Skye,
In bignesse of the *Turtles* quantitie.
This Bird she lighted on a withered bough,
Into a faire Wood spatiuous eneugh.
And there by open Proclamation,
She sommons the ramping roaring *Lyon*,
The wood *Wolfe*, and the *Aſſe*, only these three,
She cits them to confess their villanie.
She commands the *Wolf* the *Lyon* to shrive,
And to give account of his prerogative.
She bides the *Lyon* the *Wolf* to confess,
And likewise to shrive the sillie simple *Aſſe*,
And so Cardinall *Wolfe* first thus begins,
To confess the *Lyon* of his deadly sins.
Since quoth the *Wolfe*, great *Lyon* ye are prince,
And King of beasts by divine providence,
Confesse your faults, for now I am your priest,
To pardon and calme your conscience to rest.
Then said the *Lyon*, I confess I am
The bloudiest beast that ever God did frame,
For right and wrong with me indifferent are,
Lawlesse I leave, what I desire, I dare,
I make Religion a clocke for my cause,
But I am carelesse to defend her Lawes,
I devour all beasts, I murther, I kill,
Horse, Kyne, and Sheepe, to glut my roaring will,
My conscience is a gulfe which nought can stuff,
My stomack is hell which never gets annuffe,
O! what a monster am I to depaint,
I swime in sin, and I cannot repent.
I pray thee holy *Wolfe* grant me a pardon,
For all my faults, and let me raigne at randum.
Tush, sayes the *Wolfe*, My soveraigne king and prince,
Feare not, nor care not, for your small offence.
Ye may commit, and never give a groane,
The seven deadly sins bondled-up in one:
A large prerogative to you is given,
To rule on earth, as God doth rule in heaven.

So I absolve you, for the truth I tell,
Kings are exempted from the plagues of hell.
Thankes, sayes the *Lyon*, ye have set me free,
And my roome conscience runs at libertie:
But *Fesuite-wolfe*, sience ye absolve me so,
I must confess you now before you go:
Tell me your sins, and tell them all in briefe,
For I know well ye are a common thiefe.
Yes, sayes the *Wolfe*, I cannot abhor it
Albeit Gods wrath should fall upon me for it.
Except the devil, and his fraternitie,
God never made a creature like to me.
I am a deadly foe to man, and beast,
And to my kyne; but yet I am a priest,
I feed on carion horses, Beeffe and Mutton,
My stomacke like my conscience is a glutton:
I will not cry for mercie, I will goe
And hang my selfe, to end my endlesse woe.
Dispaire not, sayes the *Lyon*, for I tell thee,
Thy sins are small, and fillie that befell thee,
For what thou doest, it is thy kindly nature,
Inclines thee to it, ordain'd by thy Creator,
My stomacke is so sharpe, it cannot want
Flesh, though it were the carage of a Saint,
So I absolve thee from thy hearts affliction,
God in his mercie is without restriction.
Now saith the *Lyon*, Godlesſe *Aſſe* come hither,
Its you that yockes men by the eares together.
No, sayes the *Aſſe*, I sweare in all my life,
I never injur'd neither man nor wife:
Nor lad, nor lasse, I never yet did wrong,
To cat, or dog, either by teeth or tongue.
The *Lyon* saith, Thou art a reprobate,
Who thinke to live and die without a falt.
One thing torments my conscience, quoth the *Aſſe*,
Remarke, and I shall tell you how it was,
My master in his shooone did put some stray,
To keepe his feete warme, walking out the way;
I beeing faint, some straes I plucked out,
To glut my stomacke, and my greedie gut:
This is the greatest sin I boldly sweare,
That ever I committed late oraire.
O! cryes the *Lyon*, common thiefe and knave,
Thou did thy master wickedly deceive,
For which I doome thee to remaine with *Sathan*,
To burne in hell with *Corah* and with *Dathan*.
So I the Laird of *Dysart* flang and started
And at these words I wakned all agasted:
I dream'd this dreame, soft sleeping at mine easle,
Let all mens mindes expound it as they please.
To make my Law-men laugh it's my intent,
Although I made my selfe a foole in print.

FINIS.

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